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THE

TICHBORNE ROMANCE:

A FULL AND ACCURATE REPORT

OF THE PROCEEDINGS IN THE EXTRAORDINARY AND INTERESTING TRIAL

OF

TICHBORNE v. LUSHINGTON,

FOR FORTY DAYS,

FROM WEDNESDAY, MAY 10,

TO FRIDAY, JULY 7.

THE CLAIMANT.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAULL & CO., LONDON.)

INCLUDING THE CLAIMANT'S EXAMINATION,

CROSS-EXAMINATION, AND RE-EXAMINATION.

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ALL ROUND THE PEAK.

4, AND LAST.—HATHERSAGE TO GLOSSOP.

A love all waste
And solitary places; where we taste
The pleasures of believing what we see
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be.—SHELLEY.

IN the early morning when the holy time is quiet as a nun, and the flying courier, dashing past our inn down the silent village street, tosses his mail bag at the threshold of the post office over the way, we saunter out for a tour of observation and begin with another turn in the churchyard. Walking among the graves we come upon a stone erected to the memory of a village youth who died fighting the Maories in New Zealand, which suggests the recollection that is associated with other fighting men. In addition to the grave of Little John (presuming the bones of that illustrious outlaw to lie here, and not in Ireland or Scotland, as some maintain) there are in the church, tombs of the Eyres, a notable family in these parts, one of whom is said to have saved the life of William the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings. It was William de Hathersage, knight of Withington and a bold crusader, who, returning from captivity among the Saracens gave to his attendant, Matthew de Birch, those lands in Rusholme upon which the said faithful squire erected the chapel now known as the church of St. James.

After breakfast we take the road to Hopedale. Our way winds pleasantly along a spacious lane, between hedgerows white with hawthorn, and among meadows and knolly pastures by the Derwent side, with a fine prospect of mountains in the wide distant background, prominent among which is the steep red shaly side of shivering Mam Tor. At Mytham Bridge we come to where the waters of the Derwent and Noe mingle with each other in an open meadow space at the entrance of Hopedale. Two roads follow the streams from their sources. The one to the right comes by the Derwent and past Bamford, which may be seen sending up a church spire from its houses on the hill side beneath Bamford Edge, upon which is a promontory of stones known as the great Tor Barrow; the other to the left has followed the Noe from Hope. Along this, up stream, we go until we reach the village—a group of white houses built irregularly about a church with a stunted broad octagonal spire—a landmark in the dale. It is a quiet place, with

Little about it stirring save a brook,
Where, under the same wheel, the same old rut
May deepen year by year.

The church, an embattled old building, with grotesque projecting gargoyles, stands, raised from the road-side, within a double circle of tall lime trees. About it are one or two inns, but none which seem to afford a speedy prospect of dinner. Castleton lies two miles distant along the dale, and thither we pursue our way. Emerging from Hope the prospect widens and the hills gain in magnitude. Through meadows rich with the gold of kingcups, thick as stars in the milky way, the stream winds along from Castleton. Away to the left, under the broad sweep of the grassy hill side, dotted with "slow wandering spots of cattle," is perched Peveril's Castle, the keep showing out grey on the rock summit from among the clustering foliage of trees that seem to creep and cling about it. Beyond, in a shady gloom of distance, we can distinguish the rugged portals of the Windgates. Looked at from this point, there is a sort of lawless picturesqueness about the feudal keep suggestive of raids and forays, and reminding one of times when the owners held despotic sway over the property and liberties of the inhabitants hereabouts.

Entering Castleton by an opposite way to that of a former visit, we seek the hospitable little inn known as the Bull's Head, and, having dined there and taken a turn round the town to revive old associations, depart and retrace our steps in the direction of Hope. Arrived at the church we take the road to the left. Our way, a comparatively unfrequented one, lies for several miles over the moorlands. The village, with its girdle of cultivated fields, fades imperceptibly into the wilderness. On the right the Noe

Vocal, with here and there a silence, runs
By sallowy ruins, and on low knolls
That, dimpling, die into each other; huts
At random scattered, each a nest of bloom.

At the bridge over the stream is a guide post which points to Edale and the Woodlands. We take the latter way and, striking up a green and bowery lane that reminds us of those in Devonshire, emerge from it upon a mountain cart track, which ascends the hill by a wall side over which we can see down into Edale. On our right is Win Hill, and on our left, across the valley, Lose Hill, said to have got their names from some unchronicled battle which was fought here by rival armies encamped on the separate heights. As we advance we can see into the long reaches and recesses of Edale, and can trace the way we came down from Kinder Scout on a former journey. Over the valley, varied with flat meadow land, wood, and stream, are the familiar buttresses of the Peak, stretching out in irregular masses of rock and moor along the way we are going. We meet with little company on the road. A sheep-dog barks sharply and mounts the wall to look at us passing, and beside it the face of a shepherd starts up and peers over to see what the intrusion means. Then we come upon a man who is mending the rough road, to whom our presence is also a surprise, but who, when we inform him of our errand, is pleased to point out the attractive features of the place. At Edale End our road is marked on the Ordnance map as the old Roman one. This we follow to the Pillar, a stone guide-post placed some thousand feet above the sea-level. We are among curlews and the heather at the north-east angle of the Peak, which rises on our left to the height of 1,880 feet, crowned by a pile of rocks known as Madwoman's Stones. Between us and it, in the middle ground, there is marked on our map the site of a Druid altar. All about us

Hills over hills arise and mock the sight,
Revealing each an ever fresh delight.

In front is the long valley known as the Woodlands, through which flows the Ashop; and beside the stream, following its windings in a broad white band, is the road to Sheffield. We make our way down the hill to a beautiful dale, "dark with graceful woods and soft with deepest pastures," which lies between fir-belted hills broken by dark gorges that lead up into wild, solitary moorland. At the first farm house we ask our way of the occupant, who, in informing us, remarks that doubtless it is as much pleasure to us to come out there as it would be to him to see a great city. We venture to express our admiration of the place. It is spring time now, he says, and all well enough; but in winter—and here he shrugs his shoulders as at an unpleasant thought. Leaving him we cross the Ashop by a rustic bridge and gain the road, which, winding along between the narrowing hills, becomes a defile with Seal Edge and the stream on the left, and Alport Moor on the right, unrelieved, save at long intervals, by cottage or homestead. After three miles or more from the point where we struck the road we come upon the famous Snake Inn—a white hostelry which stands in a recess of the road under Cowberry Tor, flanked on each side by a strip of fir plantation, with hills and waste places all about it. As much from a solemn sense of duty as by strong inclination, we call a halt here and take in refreshment in the shape of bottled stout and sandwiches. From the window of our room we can see across an open peaty space to Fairbrook Naze—a rocky promontory of the Peak—and to Seal Edge, with the Fairbrook and the Ashop flowing down the open spaces.

In the waning afternoon we start out on the last stage of our journey, which comprises a six-mile walk to Glossop, up the pass of the Lady Clough, where, if there is a wind in England, it is said to be found here. We go for two miles and a half along a road made on the ledge of a defile, with here and there little runlets of water slipping down rock stairs among the heathery hollows, bare and treeless save for an occasional mountain ash or wind-blown thorn. Out beyond this we come upon Featherbed Moss and the Shelf, where the road is marked out by tall posts. A broad illimitable sea of heather and hill tops, over which the eye can roam in a vast circle to the horizon, without a single sign of dwelling-house or cultivated field. Descending from the Moss a turn of

the road reveals Glossop Dale with Hobart town, the new Glossop and its tall chimneys, and beyond the Yorkshire hills, with Staley Brushes, and Mottram church, and Werneth Lowe. Old Glossop lies behind the Shire Hill, a fir-covered height, the way round which is by Mossy Lee, the pleasantest approach to the town, which takes you by Lord Howard's house and gardens. Our time is limited, and so we descend by the main road from the land of moss and moor, of grouse, and sheep, and heather, into the society of

> Men, our brothers, ever working, ever reaping something new;
> What they have done, but an earnest of the things which they shall do.

Threading our way through the smoky street we see the Norfolk Arms, and, after resting awhile for refreshment, depart for home by the last train from one of the dingiest stations in England.

With this last day's walk—the fourth of a series of journeys accomplished at intervals—we complete our tour round the Peak, the last having been one that is rarely undertaken by any save natives of the district. We cannot better sum up our reflections than in the words of Mr. Ruskin:—"Even among our own hills, though often too barren to be perfectly beautiful, and always too low to be perfectly sublime, it is strange how many deep sources of delight are gathered in the compass of their glens and vales; and how, down to the most secret cluster of their far-away flowers, and the idlest leap of their straying streamlets, the whole heart of Nature seems thirsting to give, and still to give, shedding forth her everlasting beneficence with a patient, passionate profusion."

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF SMALL-POX.

IT may be a matter of question whether there has ever been a new disease: that is, an epidemic to which the epithet "new" can be correctly applied. The small-pox, when it visited Europe in or about the year 712, was practically unknown to the physicians who attempted to control its ravages and to the people who fell before its attack; yet it could not be called new. It existed, probably time out of mind, in the densely-populated towns and villages of China, and moved slowly from east to west on its deadly mission, often halting suddenly for many a year, and then with renewed fury invading some neighbouring country. At present it may not be uninteresting to trace the line of march of this conqueror and colonist, for wherever it has once appeared it becomes nationalized.

Rumour travelled slowly in the sixth century, and semi-barbarous Europe knew little and cared less for the great movements and events that might be passing in other quarters of the globe. In the year 569 Abreha, with an army of Abysinian Christians, laid siege to the city of Mecca, in the hope of destroying the Kääba or Pagan temple, and here the small-pox made its first recorded appearance in Western Asia. About 300 years later Rhazes, the most famous of the old Arabic physicians, wrote his treatise on this disease, and paid the usual penalty for being in advance of his age. He was banished the country.

From the siege of Mecca to the siege of Alexandria, seventy years later, none of the Arabian records that have come down to us afford any certain data as to the progress of the small-pox. During this interval, however, there can be no doubt that the malady followed closely the steps of the victorious Arabs, who, under the banner of their prophet, offered the surrounding nations the agreeable alternative of conversion or death. War at all times has been the parent of pestilence, and as Persia and Syria were soon afterwards subdued by the martial followers of Mohammed, we may reasonably conclude that the disease was imported into these countries by the conquerors. In 638 the forces of Caliph Omar invaded Egypt and blockaded Alexandria, and here, under the stimuli of misery and want, the small-pox appeared in all its terrors. It requires but little fancy to fill up the cup of misery that was held to the lips of the besieged—a pitiless foe outside the walls, within a malady of which the medical science of the day had no previous experience. Ahron, a writer of the period, chronicled the wretchedness he witnessed. Unfortunately, the work has perished, and is only shadowed forth in the references to be found in the writings of Rhazes, who noticed it in his treatise on the disease. Under the conditions of ignorance, want, and neglect, the advent of the malady to each sufferer must have eventuated in death or mutilation.

After the siege of the capital of Egypt, the success that attended the Saracenic arms by sea and land was as rapid as it was uninterrupted, and treading on the footsteps of the conquering race came the terrible blood disease that no Jenner had as yet been found to mitigate. In attempting to trace its westward course we have no more certain guide than the progress of Arabian conquest.

In 712 the Saracen armies made a descent on Spain; and in 732 they crossed the Pyrenees; and from this event may be dated the introduction of the small-pox into that kingdom. Those who have read Robertson's *History of America* will probably remember the vivid and terrible picture given by the historian of an epidemic, of a very different character, that, imported from the New World, devastated and decimated the Old. It is foreign to the present design to do more than allude to it; but, if we consider the progress made in art and science between the 8th and 16th centuries, we may form some idea of the magnitude of the scourge that followed the Arab conquests in Spain. The footsteps of the invaders might be traced in blood; but the disease that stalked in their track, if personified, might be said to walk breast high amid the wrecks of human life.

It was not till the 9th century was growing old that the disease reached Britain. In that barbarous epoch men were more prone to suffer than describe, and the worst scourge that ever thinned the human race passed without any detailed description that has survived. Pious and laborious monks might have painted in the quiet of their scriptoria the horrors they witnessed when abroad on errands of mercy and charity; but no such records have reached our times, and a gap in the history of mortal sufferings exists to be filled up only by imagination. True it is the word "plague," "consuming fire," and the like, applied to what must have then appeared a direct visitation, but that is all unless we gather from such terms and images an idea of the sentiments prevalent at the time, regarding a malady as loathsome, as it then was incurable. Happily in the present day we can form, from our own experience, no adequate conception of the mortality that must have attended the first appearance of small-pox in England.

Recently the disease has again cropped up with more than ordinary virulence. Far and wide the country watched its progress with anxious eyes, and yet the mortality scarcely amounted to 20 per 1,000 in those attacked by it. Vaccination—though for many a long year inadequately performed—had broken its power; the malady had become civilized; men had well nigh forgotten that it had ever been fatal, and this opinion might still have been held, for, if we remember aright, Dr. Labatt, in his able history of the cow-pox, written some twenty years since, tells us that in secondary small-pox the ratio of mortality does not exceed 1 in 10,000 cases. What must the ratio have been in Britain about 815 A.D.?

It is difficult now in this country to realize the unchecked effects of this terrible and loathsome malady. But countries which have received small-pox in comparatively modern times afford striking examples of the calamity in its unmitigated terrors. In 1517, St. Domingo was affected. At that time the island is said to have contained a million of Indians, who absolutely disappeared before the malady. About 1520 the disease appeared for the first time in Cuba, from whence it was carried to Mexico. In that kingdom it destroyed, in a short period, three millions and a half of the inhabitants. Whole tribes of warlike Indians were almost extirpated, and piles of bones, recently found in the primeval forests, are supposed to bear testimony to the ravages of small-pox. Peculiarities of climate exercise no mollifying influence over the virulence of the first outbreak of this disease. Iceland was invaded by it in the year 1707, and suffered as much as more southern regions, for the inroad killed as nearly as possible one-fourth of the inhabitants. Greenland escaped until 1733. In that year small-pox appeared there, and carried off almost all its inhabitants.

Alexander is said to have sighed for new realms to conquer. Were the destroyer, whose progress we have thus lightly sketched, able to express a similar wish, it would be in vain. He has done his worst, and has travelled from east to west, from north to south, devastating all lands in turn. Here and there drunkenness and want, penurious corporate bodies, or public supineness on the score of sanatory regulations, may raise his drooping spirits for a time. But this is all. His reign is over. We may without presumption class small-pox among the bygone scourges of our race. We have not the charity which enables us heartily to say *Pax Vobiscum*; but we do say to the public and to the medical profession, *Memine*.

TICHBORNE.

"The Trial is adjourned until November."

Remember, remember,
The month of November,
Then of Tichy and talkee a lot;
Now, "would it surprise,"
If each juryman dies
Before they unravel the plot?

UPPER BROOK STREET FREE CHURCH.

THIS is the modern appellation for what has been known for many years past as the Unitarian Chapel in that street. When it was built, now some thirty-five years ago, after a design sketched by Charles Barry, the House of Commons architect, from a part of York Minster, it was looked upon as a great advance in the style of chapel building. That unambitious structure, "the Corner Chapel," known also as Mr. Griffin's—the Congregational Chapel at the corner of Rusholme Lane—had been built some years before; and St. Saviour's, at the end of Upper Brook Street and the beginning of Plymouth Grove, had not long reared its ungainly bulk and apologized, as it were, for being a church at all by having grown up as much like a Dissenting chapel as possible, or as Messrs. Hayley and Brown could make it. On these buildings, the Unitarian Chapel was rightly regarded as an improvement.

The decade from 1830 to 1840 comprised the palmy days of dissent in England. It was a rejoicing in a sense of the political and social triumph which the repeal of the Tests and Corporation Acts and the Emancipation of the Roman Catholics had given it. The great Oxford movement had scarcely begun to be felt, and the Church seemed quiescent, if not stagnant, stirred up only now and then "by her Majesty's command, J. Russell." The Unitarian connexion attracted about that time an additional number of adherents, and seemed to make a fresh start in life. New chapels were built, and the old myth of their Presbyterian descent was abandoned, except when it was needed to give some sort of colour to their claim to retain a few old Presbyterian chapels.

The Rev. J. J. Tayler was the first minister appointed to this chapel. He officiated here for some years, and ultimately removed with the Unitarians' training institution, the Manchester New College, to London. Since then the chapel and congregation have had several pastors and teachers, whose ministries have been of varying power and duration, the last of them being the Rev. W. H. Herford, under whose auspices the old "chapel" became a "free church" after the straitest sect of the Herfords. The earlier congregation consisted of those among the neighbouring residents who were Unitarians from habit, circumstance, or choice, as well as of some of the earlier importations from the continent, in whom the keen but narrow intellect of the Eastern had been grafted upon German stolidity and perseverance. Many of the latter—men with a facial angle and a terminology of surname suggestive of an older creed—went to church. Some took sittings at St. Saviour's, and sat in them, copying the decorous inattention of their more or less orthodox neighbours there, with the instinct of true genius. Others found that because they had, outwardly at least, abandoned one faith, it was no reason that they should take up another; but as they, too, had to sacrifice on the altar of propriety, they compromised matters by going to the chapel in Upper Brook Street, where they were, of all denominations, the last to assemble and the first to separate. But the old bond of union in the congregation seems gradually to have dissolved. Many of them went to live in the country, where it ceased to be considered fashionable to go to church. Some departed this life altogether—old Mr. Shawcross even, who carefully watched the mixing of the concrete for the foundations, and the laying thenceforward of every stone upon another, sought the shades appropriated for the souls of good chapel-wardens. Others, worse than all, exchanged the errors of Unitarianism for those of the Church of England, although they looked for some time at the Athanasian Creed much in the same light as an educated Roman Catholic probably now regards the so-called dogma of Papal Infallibility.

But the absence of a pew-rent paying order was not made up for by a congregation who contributed liberally to the offertory bags. (*Bags*, Messrs. Teare and Andrews, not plates or warming-pans). The people didn't come, so neither did the pence, and we understand that the latest appointed shepherd has resigned. The remnant or residue of this congregation is at present, therefore, in the somewhat uncomfortable position of sheep having no shepherd, or only an occasional one, and being dependent upon casual supplies for their hebdomadal religious meal. Now this is rather an awkward state of things for a chapel committee, or a body of trustees or chapel-wardens, who have a handsome building to be opened every Sunday, and some more or less of a congregation to be kept together, both of which they have to carry on as a going concern. And though the wandering minister may find or make a friend or two there, and the student or licentiate may display now and then unblamed his native or acquired airs and graces, it is necessary to provide a little extra attraction occasionally, in the shape of some bright (and we imagine, from one special example, not over) particular star. The most remarkable of these meteoric performers was Mr Voysey, who, passing from an undiscerned existence in some kind of ethereal waste, blazed out, like a meteoric stone, in passing rapidly through the atmosphere of the Privy Council Court, and sank again into night. Like the image which fell down from Jupiter, he came quite as a god-send to the Upper Brook-street people, who engaged him to appear in two pieces, as the play-bills say, that is, a morning service with sermon, and an evening ditto. We were present at the Sunday morning service. A rather numerous congregation assembled; and while the organist was rambling up and down the keys, as if in the vain search of a forgotten tune, the reading-desk was occupied by a man whom we should judge to be scarcely five feet high, in black, and wearing a black gown something like that of an assistant apparitor. This was Mr. Voysey, who has a sort of parrot face, something like Mr. Quain, Q.C., and is apparently close shaven as to his visage.

The internal arrangements of the chapel comprise a rather good organ, with a small choir, as we guess, for we couldn't see it, of masculine and feminine voices; the ground floor is occupied by a double row of pews up the middle, approached on each side by a passage which also serves the short pews between them and the side walls, and being a free church the pew doors have been taken off. At the east end, high up, is a circular window, the compartments of which are fitted with stained glass: underneath this, and fixed to the wall is the pulpit, and on each side of it, a little lower still, is a small square box, only one of which apppears to be used. Avery narrow gallery runs along each side.

There is a large and rather well selected hymnal in use here, and also a service book containing several varieties for morning and evening use, and offices. Mr. Voysey read the first, but carefully omitted all mention of Jesus Christ by that or any other name or office where it appeared in the prayer book. For the sermon he went up to the pulpit and delivered a short extempore prayer, after the manner of the Low Church preachers, which a young lady before us whisperingly described to her companion as beautiful, and then followed the sermon. It was long, painfully long, and seemed wandering from one subject to another, none of which were apropos of anything in particular. Of course he alluded to himself as a victim of ecclesiastical persecution, much as a trader who has let a bill come back might profess to be astonished when he has received a message from Victoria, &c., Queen, and so forth, giving him "twelve days" to turn himself in. Mr. Voysey told us several interesting stories about his children, but did not introduce Mrs. Voysey, which we thought a pity, considering that he has got her turned out of house and home through his insufferable vanity and ignorance of the commonest principles of honesty. A collection supervened, for which neat purple collecting bags were used, to which every one appeared to contribute.

Last Sunday the Rev. John Page Hopps was the officiating minister. We attended the chapel in the evening, with the view of seeing the person who has been so industriously advertised of late. The preliminary service was short; the choir sang well, but seemed to have it all to themselves. Mr. Hopps made a longish extempore prayer before going to the pulpit, and there preached for a long time. It was all about progress; that mankind should be always going forward; that we should be constantly throwing away our old notions, and as constantly taking up new ones, and not allow ourselves to be cabin'd, cribb'd, or confined by creeds or traditions, and, in fact, should always be

rallying round the illimitable. Mr. Hopps has an almost unfortunate copiousness of words, a *cacoethes loquendi*, but, as far as we could discern, is utterly without distinct ideas upon any subject whatever, except one, and that is the supereminent perfection of the Rev. John Page Hopps. On coming out we were presented with the number for April of *The Truthseeker*, a monthly magazine, edited by Mr. Hopps, devoted to noticing the development of devout free-thought, whatever that may mean, in the Christian church, from which we gathered that Mr. Hopps is an admirer of Keshub Chunder Sen and the Brahmo Somaj, also of Mr. Voysey's "gallant defence," and of other people who set the rules and authorities of their respective churches at defiance, and, like naughty boys, glory in it.

We have tried to understand what modern Unitarianism, or rather that phase of it which is displayed at the Upper Brook Street Church, is. It is possible we have not succeeded. It may be a "school of thought," or a new system of philosophy, but we are pretty certain of one thing—it is not Christianity.

THE SECOND MANCHESTER VOLUNTEERS.

THE Thirty-third Lancashire Rifle Volunteers, better known as the Second Manchester, were inspected by Colonel Maydwell on Saturday, and, for a wonder, there was no speech. Speeches at volunteer inspections—at least so far as Manchester is concerned—are to be dispensed with; and nobody will hail the order with greater satisfaction than the inspectors themselves. It is a hard thing—human nature can hardly stand it—to receive an invitation to dinner from a man, and to find out before you have dined that it is your duty to give your host a good blowing-up. The very high praise which Manchester volunteers have always received on these occasions has had to be discounted from this very fact. Even when "entertaining the inspecting officer at dinner" has, for a solitary occasion, been set aside, luncheon has been provided, and the inspector's utterances have consequently been equally as much open to suspicion as criticism. It is on record that, after one luncheon inspection, an aide-de-camp was deputed to call on our daily contemporaries, and request the reporters to say that the regiment which had been criticized was not "the finest" in England, but "one of them." A written report to Head Quarters is to be the future method of communicating an inspector's opinion of the proficiency of our local soldiers, and probably they will benefit by it.

No corps in England, probably, has gone through so many vicissitudes as the Second Manchester; and few corps have been so lucky as the 33rd Lancashire. The former has had to shift its quarters to prolong its existence, whilst the latter, like a celebrated shop in Eccles, can boast of having "never removed." The original 2nd Manchester (28th Lancashire) was started less from patriotism than from pique to rival the First. It flourished for a time, with the aid of the Manchester Irish Volunteers; had an attack of the scarlet fever, and was reduced to the last stage of weakness. Other corps had sprung up to provide majorships and colonelcies for disappointed subalterns, and they, too, were in a state of utter prostration. The 33rd, or Ardwick corps, meantime pursued the even tenor of its way as a compact little battalion, and eventually it absorbed the 28th, the Manchester Scottish, the 78th (4th Manchester), and the Droylsden corps; became a twelve-company battalion, and is now probably the finest corps in England, the Robin Hoods *not* excepted.

The Second has one lieutenant-colonel who has passed "the school" with the highest honours; one major whose abilities are beyond criticism; an adjutant who works hard, and possesses a regulation voice; two Hythe sergeant-majors as instructors, a diligent quartermaster-sergeant, and a fourth drill-instructor, who can put the men through the goose-step on a Monday and teach the band on Tuesday. The orderly room, armoury, drill-shed, stores, and band practice-rooms are under one roof; the premises are open from nine in the morning to ten at night, and the members can at any time ascertain what time the next train starts for Astley, obtain a single button for their leggings, or give in their rifles for repairs. The 33rd has its own regimental sergeant tailor, who attends nightly and takes measures to dress the men neatly; whilst its balance at the bankers is one which, if Mr. Cardwell knew it, might lead that gentleman to seriously reconsider the question of the capitation grant.

In short, it may seem high praise, but it is not too high, to say that the Second Manchester is as near perfection in all its military and administrative arrangements as any volunteer regiment may ever expect to be; and that, for downright hard work and resultant efficiency we don't think it has a compeer in England.

TOWN TALK, AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE DONKEYS.

THANKS to a number of letters in the Manchester and Southport papers, an inspector of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is to be told off for the special duty of protecting the interests of the donkeys of Blackpool, Lytham, and Southport, and of teaching their drivers that property has its rights as well as its duties. We have often in these columns spoken a word on behalf of the donkeys, with a weary consciousness that we were casting a very little bread on very extensive waters, and we should be glad to think that some of this public spirit is its return after many days. We hope that the inspector will have his eyes upon those fat, jolly parties who are fond of depositing their score or so of stone upon four staggering little legs; for if we read the law aright, they are amenable to its penalties as well as the drivers, and they certainly deserve to have to pay them. We hope, too, that in this public fervour towards the sea-side donkey the inland animal, still more oppressed, will not be overlooked. Even half an hour of a prosperous licensed victualler is not so great an infliction as a ton or two of coals for half a day.

JERRY BUILDINGS.

Some people were prosecuted in Salford last week for breaches of the building regulations of the borough. We have inspected the buildings which were the cause of the prosecution. They are situate in Agnes-street and Pemberton-street. Not only had they no spouting and too small windows, as stated in court, but every ingenuity that man could suggest had been brought to bear in order to build them as cheaply as possible. To mere passers-by they will look all right, but examination would reveal such details as joists of $2 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and not even let into the walls but propped up; large undrained spaces under the floor; other joists $\frac{3}{4}$ inch by 3 and 5 inches. In a year or two, with even fair wear and tear these houses must literally fall to pieces. They are worthy of a visit by the Social Science Association, for they beggar all description. The Health Committee of Salford, by last week's prosecutions, have earned all honest builders' thanks, and though the technical defects over which they have power are not many, they are evidently yet sufficient to render the houses legally uninhabitable, and we hope they will not abate their demands until the houses have been virtually rebuilt from their very foundations.

"RELIGIOUS CENSUS OF MANCHESTER, 1871."

A correspondent, who signs himself "Anti-crotchet," complains that it is hard upon a fellow who spends but a few weeks twice a year in his house in Manchester, and whose religion while he is down here seldom carries him beyond the church porch (and that only when the anthem is being sung) it is hard, he writes, that, after hearing the anthem and dropping a shilling through the slit in the money box, he finds when he comes home a paper purporting to be issued by a "National Association for the Freedom of Worship," bothering him in this wise: In the first place he was "urgently and respectfully" requested to answer this question, "Do you or any of your family pay rent for any pew or sittings in any church or chapel." In reply to this he wrote "An impertinent query." Secondly, was there any other person in the family or the house holding rented sittings in any church or chapel, and if so, how many sittings were so held? His answer to this question was "Ditto." Thirdly, if a Roman Catholic, he was to write in a certain column, "R. C." What he *did* write was "Ditto," and with a very spluttering pen. A little lower down on the paper he was informed that, in addition to the formal matter of the census, it was earnestly hoped that "if he was interested in a subject of so much importance to the welfare of the people" he would answer "yes"

or "no" to the following question—Did he think that the house of God should be open and free to all people, poor and rich, at all times, without charge or respect of persons, "as they were" (*sic*) in the time of the Apostles and Early Christians, and as clearly enjoined by God's Word in the Bible? Answer—"Such promiscuous company would be very objectionable." Our correspondent adds that the paper so filled up is ready to be called for, and much good may it do "the National Association." This burst of indignation, thus brought within manageable and printable compass, may serve to suggest to Mr. Herford and his free and open church colleagues, that their methods of agitation are possibly somewhat obnoxious to good taste—a charge which, if we remember aright, is not now made for the first time.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE IN MANCHESTER.

The Wesleyan Conference, the supreme tribunal of the Methodists, will hold its meeting this year in Manchester. On Monday next, the committee charged with the arrangement of the stations of the ministers for the ensuing year will meet in Lever Street School Room; other committees will assemble on Friday next; and on Wednesday, the 26th, the conference proper will commence its sittings. The last meeting of the conference in Manchester, in 1849, was one of more than ordinary interest. On that occasion the celebrated "fly-sheet" controversy was brought to a summary close by the expulsion of Messrs. Everitt, Dunn, and Griffiths, who subsequently established a new society, and thus added one more to the numerous sections into which the Methodist body is divided. It is likely that the ensuing conference will also be distinguished by exceptional features of interest, especially in regard to the question of class-meetings,—a subject that has considerably agitated the Wesleyans during the past twelve months. A minister, who ventured in a published volume to call in question the indispensability of class-meetings as a test of church-membership, was at the last conference somewhat roughly handled, and will, it is understood, again be subjected to public criticism, and possibly to reproof, during the approaching session. But, in the interim, his views have been adopted in unexpected quarters, so that a more lively discussion and a fairer field is anticipated than on the prior occasion when he stood alone and unsupported. A modification of the class-meeting system—the central point, as it were, of the Wesleyan organization—would be a change of tremendous moment, and hence the special interest which attaches to the coming meeting in Manchester.

AN EXCITED COTTON MARKET.

[FROM A LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.]

MONDAY.—Market opens very excited in consequence of unfavourable accounts of American crop. Agricultural Bureau telegraphs that, after most elaborate research, they conclude that there will be a falling off of one million bales, or perhaps two, in comparison with last year's supply. If wrong in calculation the Bureau will make corrections at Christmas. Half of cotton plantations under water. Other half eaten up by worms. Remainder injured by rust. An early frost has been secured. Prices here (Liverpool) are hourly advancing. Large buying on American account for re-shipping to the States.

TUESDAY.—Prices again advanced this morning. Large attendance of spinners. Hugh Trowel, of Ashton, has just bought seventy thousand bales, and paid for them. Heavy buying for arrival at the street corners. A great deal of champagne flowing. Diddlers have bought ten thousand bales, but have not yet arranged how to pay for them. Smithereens has bought two thousand bales, and never intends to pay for them. Bankers advance money freely, especially to those who don't require any. The retail shopkeepers have entered the market, and prices are still advancing. After the close of business renewed transactions occurred. Sales 130,000 bales, not including what were sold after regular hours.

WEDNESDAY.—Tremendous excitement. Large numbers of the trade here before the opening of the market, and many spinners arriving every five minutes by telegraph. Schneider, of Wigan, has purchased half the stock. A combination of Americans and Liverpudlians are buying up all that remains. Speculators are wiring in and importers are wiring out to the cotton ports to secure all the cotton in the country. Bob Kittor, from Oldham, has just arrived, and his appearance on the flags has sent prices up fully 2d. per lb. Nearly all samples withdrawn, and very little cotton showing. About five hundred new private carriages, and several yachts ordered to be built by successful brokers, speculators, and merchants.

THURSDAY.—More excitement and more spinners. Favourable advices from Manchester have an exhilirating effect upon holders, who demand an advance. The Emperor of Brazil has bought up all the South American cotton his agents could lay their hands on. The Paden Woon, Envoy of the King of Burmah, has also secured a large quantity of East India cotton, and the Imperial Crown Prince of Germany has collared the cream of all the America cotton in stock for exportation to Germany. The half-yearly stock has been taken to-day, and shows a large deficiency of several hundreds of thousands of bales below the estimates. The consumption is increasing, and when the new mills which are being built have got to work, it is calculated that the stock of cotton in Liverpool will be many thousands of bales less than nothing.

FRIDAY.—Market much quieter to-day. To the surprise of every one a great deal of cotton is offered. The combination have been selling to each other all along. Few spinners here, and old Bob Kitton is said to have sold all his cotton. Prices easier in consequence of more favourable accounts of the growing crop. Money tight; likewise street speculators.

SATURDAY.—Market quiet. Sales probably 5,763 ½ bales. Collywobblegrams are being prepared for Monday's market. Speculators convalescent. Sandy and brodawaters in demand. Prospects toorarooral.

THE PROPOSED ENGLISH COMEDY COMPANY.

ON the recent benefit of Mr. Montague in this town, Mr. Montague appeared before the audience and startled them by an energetic statement, *apropos* of nothing, that English actors were every bit as good as French. The sudden interjection of this singular remark is a grotesque illustration of the state of excitement into which the temporary sojourn of the Paris companies in London has plunged the votaries of the drama there. Incorrect and in bad taste as was the English actor's statement, one can hardly wonder at it, for the provocation given to English artists just now is not easy to be borne. The admiration which is everywhere expressed for French plays and players is not very far off mania.

However, it is much more philosophical to learn a lesson or two from our visitors than to assume an attitude of obstinacy towards them. What are we to learn, though? Even those who are willing to be taught are divided in opinion as to what it is desirable to learn. Two well-known dramatic authors, Messrs. Planché and Tom Taylor, have made up their minds that it is eminently desirable to establish in England a society on the model of the Comedie Française, to be subsidized by Government, that shall continually play classic pieces to enraptured audiences. This idea has met with ridicule in other quarters, and deservedly; but we think it nevertheless contains some germs of good that would be well worth cultivating.

Like almost everybody in this country and this day, we believe in free trade, and the idea of a theatre favoured by the State is not congenial to us; in the second place, endowments are unwholesome things, which enervate far oftener than they invigorate; and in the third, the classic drama ought not to be acted if it does not pay. Upon the other hand, it cannot be denied that things can't go on as they are; that the present system, or want of system, has utterly broken down, and that no reform could well be more disastrous to the real interests of art than the existing state of the dramatic world. The front page of the *Era* presents the sorry spectacle of numbers of good artists advertising for engagements, while the London stage is deluged with disreputable denizens; few good plays find their way before the public; managers are making their appearance in

the bankrupt lists. Thus, authors, managers, and actors are all doing badly, while the public is ill served. There wants a reformation altogether. The dramatic world is managed on false principles. It wants tone.

It thus becomes a most momentous question how the necessary tonic is to be administered. We think that this idea of Messrs. Planché and Tom Taylor's might be so modified as to effect the desired result. A theatre unmistakably superior to others would inevitably in the course of time grow to be a standard amongst theatres, which could not fail to exercise a wholesome influence upon them. Let it not be thought that we contemplate a huge and gloomy edifice devoted to the incessant performance of what is absurdly called "the legitimate drama." Nothing could be further from our meaning. If we had our way, we should plant a moderate sized and cheerful house upon, say, the Thames Embankment, and we would not play "the legitimate drama" a day longer than it paid to play it. It is no use foisting what a few consider the right thing upon a public that doesn't like it. If "the legitimate drama" does not pay, it is because it is smothered in scenery and properties, because it isn't adequately acted, or because it is not suited to the stage. What is called "the legitimate drama" is very often not drama at all, and it is often to the credit of the public that it has the sense to feel this lack of the dramatic salt which men of purely literary taste frequently fail to perceive. We would bolster up no taste that is not strong enough to pay; but we would use all proper and legitimate means to present whatever is presented in an advantageous form. We see no reason why a society should not be organized in England that should be a model theatre, and we see no reason why it should apply for State assistance. Private enterprise is quite sufficient to supply what it requires. Indeed, we see no absolute necessity for the interference of capital at all. If a company of actors would but bind themselves together, after the fashion of the French Comedy Company, and manage themselves on equally good principles, they might, we think, contrive to start themselves. If not, the necessary funds could easily be procured.

It is agreeable to imagine what reforms such a society might inaugurate. It might revolutionize the dramatic world, and bring the theatrical profession by and by to be regarded as a respectable pursuit. How easily, for instance, it might do away with calls before the curtain, benefits, and speeches—little things which derogate from the respectability of the profession more than at first sight appears. It is essential to the dignity of an actor that he should keep the gulf between himself and his audience as broad as possible. He has no business bothering before the curtain, publishing his private address, and selling tickets with his own hand. We can imagine nothing more detrimental to his dignity than for him to appear before the curtain and to talk about his mother. An audience have no business to know that an actor has a mother. Who can regard a Romeo with patience when one knows his mother's in the boxes? There seems to be a growing tendency upon the part of actors to bridge over the distinction between themselves and their audiences, which ought to be suppressed. Of a piece with benefits and calls before the curtain, is the admission of the audience on gala nights within the orchestra and now and then behind the scenes. All these abuses a good fashion, set by a good theatre, would abolish.

A still greater blessing would be the introduction of a new system of selection of the plays to be performed. The custom of the French society, permitting any author to read his piece before the company, and then voting for it or against it, would be a decided improvement on the present absurd plan of going to an overworked hack writer and ordering a play, like a pair of breeches, but, unhappily, the company would never have a moment to themselves, and would be at the mercy of every stage-struck booby in the land. With some previous winnowing process, we should think this system might be worked with good results. At any rate, the crotchet of the managerial mind, that nobody can write a play unless he has been brought up in a theatre, would have to be for ever laid aside.

At the banquet given to the members of the Comedie Française last week, Mr. Alfred Wigan spoke upon this subject. Mr. Wigan also seemed to contemplate a society, supported from without, that might pursue art independently of profit. We have little faith in that sort of an institution. Hot-house art is very apt to degenerate into artificiality and eccentricity. We would grow our art in the open air. We don't believe that real art in a fair field does not pay. It is what pedants falsely call art which is unsuccessful. No doubt the public patronizes much that is vulgar and degrading; but though it often favours bad things, it very seldom neglects a really good thing fairly set before it. A manager puts on his stage Byronic poems utterly unsuited to the stage, and then because the public treats his folly as it well deserves, complains that Byron spells bankruptcy. Of course he does, and ought to do. The public taste would be in a very unnatural condition if Byron put upon the stage spelt anything but bankruptcy. It is in the nature of things that high art should not command so large an audience as lower art—our ancestors preferred a pantomime to Kemble and to Kean—but art of all sorts does command an audience of some sort. The almost entire extinction of high art upon the London stage at present, is to be attributed to the fictitious state in which the drama is maintained by pottering interference with it on the part of the authorities. The healthy influence of free trade has not been applied to it. Numerous as are the theatres in London they are not sufficiently numerous to bring rents down, and a manager with a rent to pay out of all proportion to the profits of high art, is driven to the paint-pot and the *demi-monde*. High art may not pay as well as these, but we maintain that there is no necessity to back it up with an endowment. Mr. Wigan's hankering after one is just an instance of the state of mental and moral abasement to which the very best of actors are reduced by the evil system of patronage and puffing which prevails in their profession. An actor is so accustomed to be patronized and petted, that he has lost all sense of the indignity of such attentions. He even thinks he can't get on without them. This is one of those disgraces which a model institution ought to do away with.

A far greater fix than the pecuniary one would most likely be experienced in getting a sufficient number and variety of first-rate English actors to exchange the distinction of being solitary planets for the less conspicuous position of stars amongst a constellation. But when one reflects that the most popular actors are not really the best, the difficulty appears less insurmountable. If a Mathews and a Compton could be got, a Sothern and a Toole might go on earning their enormous incomes undisturbed. With pluck and judgment a great company might be established, that should never have any occasion to share the quakings of old-fashioned managers about what Mr. Webster, at a recent trial, properly called "free-trade in the drama," that should not shudder at the sight of every new theatre, that should not prosecute the music-halls for playing what their audiences prefer, but which should say the more the merrier, and be the model and ambition of them all.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents who desire the return of unaccepted communications should enclose stamps for the postage.

No notice can be taken, in the Number for each current week, of any communication received later than Wednesday morning.

TOWN GARDENS.

THEIR WALLS AND SHRUBBERIES.

NEARLY all our handsome suburban houses have shrubberies. We will endeavour to describe one of these oases, seldom, unfortunately, a little world of beauty. Lines of brick or stone encircle a space of ground larger or smaller according to the importance of the mansion to which it leads, this space being commonly occupied by a lawn, a carriage road, and sundry dismal laurels and lauristinas marshalled in the regular irregularity of an awkward squad of militia at the end of a week's drill. Let us say something first about the garden walls.

Walls are no doubt excellent things, especially for the mason, but we are constrained to confess that a series of bare bricks or stones, piled one on another with parallel lines of mortar between each, are not beautiful. Is it a miserable necessity that such things must be? Unquestionably not; for walls, if skilfully managed, may easily be converted from the most unsightly to the most charming part of the possessor's demesnes. This, however, is very rarely done well, not because there is any difficulty in the doing, but because the subject is neglected. One prison-like enclosure is as it were kept in countenance by another. When in any neighbourhood a single conqueror over materialism and *mauvais gôut* arises, a laudable ambition of similar bloodless triumphs is pretty sure to be manifested. If a man cannot select, from the enormous number of plants from which he may choose, enough handsome hardy climbers to cover every particle of wall, it is his own fault. Walls, as every one knows, at least theoretically, offer the best positions for many beautiful things that without their aid would languish in our capricious climate. Well covered in *every* part, the stiffest and most prison-like of boundaries becomes a sort of garden in the air, that may afford innocent pleasure, and a wealth of blossoms at all seasons, from the wintry bloom of the clear yellow jasmine to the sultry gorgeousness of autumn Flora, when the wide family of clematis become masses of bloom.

Some care is required in the selection of plants, because the climate of the British Isles is so varied that shrubs which grow freely in the western counties lead only a sickly unprofitable life in the midland and northern districts. In the south, for example, the fig grows as a standard, whilst in the north it can barely exist on a wall. But this matters little, for wherever our lot is cast we may, if we desire to do so, turn every particle of our walls to good account. The first consideration should be selection, and in choosing our plants we must consider the space at our disposal. This will at once narrow our search and confine our quest either to large, small, or medium-sized creepers. Next comes the question of climate, and here experience must be our guide. The amateur who buys from the florist's catalogue will meet with endless vexations, which might be avoided if he purchased in his own immediate neighbourhood, and inspected the actual health of the species he designs to buy. There will not, at least need not, be any appreciable variation of soil, and none in temperature.

But we will suppose the species selected already planted; the work then is only begun, and may be sadly marred if not conducted with a little common sense and ordinary skill. For example, the first branches should be trained as low as possible. There is no fear of the tree subsequently wanting head, and nothing looks worse than a long strip of wall unfurnished at its base. Again, it is a common error to plant at insufficient intervals, the result being that, instead of one good specimen wandering in native luxuriance and covering a large space, the proprietor has two or three climbers pruned and cut out of all semblance to nature, and his ugly walls are covered with more ugly vegetable abortions.

We do not desire to fill this paper with hard botanical names, which we should be compelled to do were we to give a list of such plants as are suitable for beautifying shrubbery walls; but we cannot be absolutely silent on the subject. The *Hedera Regneriana* stands smoke well, and this is no small recommendation in suburban gardening. No evergreen climber produces such rich sheets of verdure as does the Irish Ivy. The *Cotonaster Simmondsia* grows rapidly, and forms a splendid drapery for high walls; but enough of this, or else, "like Banquo's shadowy line, our list will reach a score."

But supposing the walls were really furnished, what a revolution would of necessity take place in the shrubbery itself. The funereal bushes already alluded to could not be allowed to hide its beauties. Their doom would be pronounced, and they would at once be handed over to the executioner. Let us suppose a full clearance made, and the ground laid out somewhat as follows—Here and there a graceful white thorn; now, any hardy flowering shrub that produces specious berries—it is as well to have as much for our money as we can. But instead of entering into details which, after all, must be settled between the purchaser and his nurseryman, from considerations of soil, climate, local peculiarities, and the like, we will confine ourselves to the general effect of the alterations to which we have alluded. Our super-terrestrial garden is rich in bloom, or gorgeous in leaf colouring, according to the season. We are proud of our handiwork, and desire to show it, so we plant our borders sparingly with small trees, shrubs, and common flowers, in graceful clusters, taking care always to have something green when the season denies us blossoms. If we compare such a scene with the style of thing we may see any day within half an hour's walk of the centre of the city, we think few will deny that which we have attempted to sketch would really deserve the title of "ornamental ground."

Smoke is, perhaps, the greatest difficulty against which the suburban gardener has to contend, but this difficulty will gradually disappear, partly by the application of science to our manufactories, and partly by the introduction of what for want of a better phrase we will call "smoke plants." The mention of one that may be considered in some sort a novelty, and that stands smoke like a vegetable stoker, will not be deemed out of place, especially as forming part of the fair sisterhood that may profitably occupy a place in our revised shrubberies. Upwards of a century since the Aucuba was first introduced from Japan, but, as all the plants that survived were females, and as no males were for many a long day forthcoming, the plants never bore fruit. So late as 1845 it was regarded as monœcious. When brought to England it was treated as a hot-house plant. Now, it not only stands our winters well, but thrives in the smoky districts of the metropolis, where other hardy plants have to struggle for existence. A few years ago, male specimens of the plant were introduced by Mr. R. Fortune, since which time our Aucubas have borne fruit, and have been somewhat largely grown for winter decoration.

The reader will notice we have spoken of the general decorative effects to be produced on shrubberies, rather than on the detail of the means by which that effect is to be produced. Had we given a list of plants generally suitable to the purpose we should probably have done more harm than good, for it should be remembered that local experience can alone decide what is or is not best fitted for any particular locality.

SHAKESPERE AS A NATURALIST.

3.—ANIMALS.

LET us now test Shakespere's claim to be considered a naturalist by reference to the quadrupeds mentioned in his plays and poems, and take that "pet of the family," the cat, as the first exponent of his genius.

> The cat with eyne of burning coal,
> Now crouches *from* the mouse's hole.
>
> PERICLES: *Act* 1, *Scene* 1.

Puss is far too careful a hunter to scare the game. She does not keep her patient watch *over*, but away from the burrow of the quarry, and trusts to the unfailing accuracy of her spring. In man, as in almost all animals, the pupil of the eye possesses a certain power of contraction and dilitation, but this faculty is seen in its full development only in cats and predatory and nocturnal birds. In these animals the pupils, which by day are only narrow slit-like openings, are at night widely extended. As Buffon says, "their eyes shine in the dark almost like diamonds, and at such times reflect outwardly the light which they may be said to have imbibed during the day;" or, as our poet-naturalist has it, they regard objects of love or hate "with eyne of burning coal."

In *Henry IV.*, Part 1st, Act 5, Scene 2, Worcester enunciates the following truth:—

> For treason is but trusted like the fox,
> Who here so tame, so cherished and locked up,
> Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.

Whether treason can ever be safely trusted may be a matter of opinion. We have seen many foxes in confinement, but never saw one whose looks and motions did not show an unconquerable abhorrence of captivity. They are prisoners, the sole solace of whose lives seems to be

the hope of escape from a bondage worse than death. They are not traitors, but free denizens of the woods, wrongfully oppressed. They are deprived, as it were, of their heritage of freedom. Should the chain rust, a link give way, or the staple become loose, the slave does not waste a moment in proving to his master that he never loses the wild trick of his ancestors.

In the year 1600 our modern thoroughbred was a thing of the future. Shakespere had probably seen Arab barbs, and was familiar with light-limbed jennets, but the courser of Adonis was nothing of this kind; he was the hunter fit for rough work and "a close country." It may fairly be doubted whether our most poetic horse dealer could condense more equine knowledge into four lines than is contained in the following quatrain :—

Round hoofed, short jointed, fetlock shagged and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide.

The animal with these points might safely be trusted with fourteen stone on his back, and in the seventeenth century would infallibly have placed his owner in the first flight. The following description of the animal in freedom is exquisitely true to nature :—

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind abase he now prepares,
And whe'r he run or fly, they know not whether,
But through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hair, which waves like feathered wings.

Venus and Adonis.

If the observer lives in the first four lines, the poet reigns supreme in the concluding couplet. In the following lines from *Henry the Eighth*, Act 1, Scene 1, the truth of the simile, as well as its closeness to the point it is intended to illustrate or enforce, render comment superfluous :—

Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who, being allowed his way,
Self-mettle tires him.

The reader is doubtless familiar with the noble passage from which we extract the following :—

KING.—Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility.
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger,
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood.

Henry V., Act 3, Scene 1.

We are only concerned with the two concluding lines, and must pause for a moment to consider the physical phenomena that precede and attend the deadly spring of all the tiger tribe. As a rule, they either lie in wait for their prey, or with noiseless footfalls search for it. In the latter case they, to use a modern phrase, stalk their game, creeping nearer and nearer till it is within reach. Instead of springing at once, they crouch down, and seem to enjoy all the luxury of anticipation. Whether at the moment hunger grows suddenly more intense, whether the innate ferocity of the animals has culminated, or whether imagination then paints vividly the delight to be derived from the taste of blood, it is difficult to say. At any rate, every member of the feline family during the period that intervenes between crouching and the spring seems possessed by the demon of fury and concentrated malignity. The eyes flash and glow, the lips are drawn ruthlessly above the teeth, the tongue is passed over the jaw with an action as sickening as suggestive, the tail wreathes spasmodically, whilst the entire frame quivers from the intense contraction of the muscles, that are tightened and *stiffened* for the last triumphant bound. We say triumphant rather as implying the expectation of the animal than the absolute certainty of the action, which sometimes, though rarely, fails. If some such running commentary as this is in the mind of the reader as his eye glances over the martial eloquence of the king, he will at once see how much of the naturalist is contained in the line and half that has suggested the foregoing observations.

In *King Lear*, Act 3, Scene 6, we read :—

He's mad that trusts the tameness of a wolf,
A horse's health, or a boy's love.

The tameness of the wolf is like the tameness of the fox. Nor is there, so far as we know, a single instance on record to show that this animal ever became the friend of man. He may accept his alms; he may be submissive through fear; but he never receives his jailer as his benefactor. Give him the opportunity, and he will "turn again and rend him." In the matter of horses we are not learned. It has been our misfortune not to have naturalized in canny Yorkshire, but we learn that, on the turf, animals which ought to be sound are, at singularly inopportune times, often "amiss," and this, we take it, is the fault either of their health or—the odds.

The poem *Venus and Adonis* contains a picture of the wild boar :—

On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes:
His eyes like glowworms shine when he doth fret:
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being moved he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And when he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

The fidelity of this picture renders comment unnecessary. True it is, the love-sick queen painted the animal in formidable colours in order to induce the object of her affections to forego the chase, but those who have followed the boar in Germany or France and brought him to bay, will admit the truth of the description our naturalist has given. It is like one of Holbein's portraits, hard, accurate, and grim. Nor is our author's sketch of the baffled and wounded hounds less faithful. Venus, full of anxiety for the youth she loves, follows the chase, and being guided by the sound, meets one of the dogs,

And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And see another licking of his wound:
Another flap-mouthed mourner black and grim,
Against the welkin vollies out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Landseer, who may be said to have transferred animal life bodily to canvas when he painted *The Challenge*, might well be supposed to have had these lines in his memory. "The flap-mouthed mourner black and grim, that against the welkin vollies out his voice," seems to stand at the right hand of the picture, pouring out his rage and disappointment to the rising storm. What Shakespere wrote and Landseer painted may well pass unquestioned as embodying truth and nature.

It would be injustice to our subject to suppress the following passage; and we make no apology for giving, at some length, the description of the wiles to which poor puss resorts in order to baffle her pursuers :—

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch to overshoot his troubles;
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles.
The many musets thro' which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell:
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell:
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear.

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if a second chase were in the skies.

Since the days of Shakespere a score of naturalists and poets have written on the hare, and each has added some trait or peculiarity to the common stock. It may safely be asserted, however, that no tittle of information as regards the intelligence displayed by this creature for its preservation has been added to that contained in the passage we have cited.

The deer is popularly supposed to have been the cause of our poet's early departure from Stratford. If so, the animal was in some sense the founder of his fame, and may fitly be the last witness called to bear testimony on the subject of the title that in our opinion so indisputably belongs to him. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 1, Scene 4, we read,

Yea, like the stag when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees he browseth.

Doubtless the lad had often noticed this fact in the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, at Charlecote, when casting a wistful eye at the "burghers of the Forest." The extracts we have selected are calculated to show the observer of animal life and habits rather than the scientific student or anatomist, the former branch of natural history being, in our opinion, infinitely more agreeable and quite as important as the latter.

Here we must pause. In our concluding paper we propose to follow the poet through the grander operations of inanimate nature.

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Oldham, Clegg-s	11	35	1	23	15 0	17 0	15 6	15 0
Guide Bridge ..	12	10	1	55	15 0	17 0	15 6	15 0
Woodley	11	56	1	43	15 6	16 0	17 6	15 6
New Mills	11	44	11	44	16 0	17 0	17 0	15 6
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